Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne deſpaire,
That ſhe fordid her ſelfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke, ſhees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues. *Kent.* Is this the promiſt end.
Edg. Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs ſhe liues, if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorowes
That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maiſter.
Lear. Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little, ha,
What iſt thou ſayeſt, her voyce was euer ſoft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue ſeene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not o the beſt, ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, where is your ſeruant *Caius,*
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent.

Kent. That from your life of diffe
Haue followed your ſad ſteps.
Kent. Nor no man elſe, als chearle
Your eldeſt daughters haue foredoo
And deſperatly are dead. *Le*
Duke. He knowes not what he ſees,
That we preſent vs to him. *Edg.*
Capt. Edmund is dead my Lord.
Duke. Thats but a trifle heere, yo
Know our intent, what comfort to t
applied: for vs we wil reſigne durin
to him our abſolute power, you to
ſuch addition as your honor haue m
ſhall taſt the wages of their vertue, a
ſeruings, O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore foole is hang
dog, a horſe, a rat of life and thou n
come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer,
thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* H
Lear. Breake hart, I prethe breake.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let hi
He hates him that would vpon the w
Of this tough world ſtretch him out
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath end
He but vſurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, o
Is to generall woe, friends of my ſou
Rule in this kingdome, and the goa
Kent. I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortly
My maiſter cals, and I muſt not ſay n
Duke. The waight of this ſad tim
Speake what we feele, not what we
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we tha
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo l

FIN

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)